Till he have cross'd the Severn.—
Happiness!

Exeunt Lucius and Lords.

QUEEN. He goes hence frowning : but it honours
us, That we have
given him cause.

CLO. 'Tis all the
better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

CYM. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely, Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness : The powers that he already hath in Gallia Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves His war for Britain,

QUEEN. 'Tis not sleepy
business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

CYM. Our expectation that it would be thus, Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen, Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd The duty of the day: She looks us like A thing more made of malice, than of duty : We have noted it.—Call her before us; for We have been too slight in sufferance.

Eait an Attendant.

QUEEN. Royal
sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord, 'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty, Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes, And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

CYM. Where is she, sir ?
How
Can her contempt be answer'd *?*

ATTEN. Please you,
sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer